

## Religious Notices.

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Sunday-school prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 p. m.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Ezra L. S. mona, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Young People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7.45 p. m.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45 p. m. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 o'clock.

**WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Frederick Street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel Church.

**CHURCH OF CHRIST (Episcopal).**—Liberty street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock. Second service, 7.30 p. m. except first Sunday 12 m. when it is at 3.45 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

**HOPE CHURCH.**—Sunday school every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. John G. Broughton, Superintendent. **CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.**—Rev. J. M. Nardello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 a. m. High mass, 10.30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

**BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.**—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield, every Sunday at 9 a. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

**WATKINS M. E. CHURCH.**—Rev. J. K. Ebert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m. Class meeting, Tuesday evening at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 p. m.

**ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—(Watkings) Rev. James P. Fancou, Rector. Service, Sunday 10.45 a. m. 7.45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9.30 a. m. Seats free. All are invited.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7.45.

**REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).**—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sunday service, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

**SILVER LAKE.**—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

**ST. MARK'S CHURCH.**—(Bloomfield Ave.)—Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Rev. Mr. Farr. Sabbath school 3 p. m. E. A. Smith, Sup't. Preaching 7.30 p. m. Rev. J. H. Cooley

**UNION GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.**—Every Sunday afternoon at Dodd's Hall, at 4 o'clock. All are invited.

## Why Margery Daw Sold her Furniture.

If you are a critic, perhaps you had better read no further. You will say this is not much of a story, which is true. You will say it lacks incident, which is also true. And if you are of that most straitest sect of critics, who speak out their whole minds, you will at one stage of it say that she who tells of it is a superstitious old idiot—of which one-third is true. I am old, but not superstitious, and, thank Providence, not an idiot. My name is Margery Daw. Truly and honestly, Margery Daw. And sorry am I to think that it must have been some disreputable ancestress of mine who inspired that nursery rhyme:

"See, Saw! Margery Daw  
Sold her bed and lay on straw."

However, as I have not inherited her disregard of cleanliness and comfort, and as the song has pleased many a generation of children, and, moreover, as our race, so far as known, has never done anything else for the public good, why, perhaps, we ought to be proud of that other Margery Daw, after all.

When I was a child my name was a burden to me, because other children, whose names were unknown in song or story—But, dear me! What does any one care for what annoyed me fifty years ago?

I am a spinster (who spins not unless it be the thread of this narrative), and, although old enough to have more sense, it gives me satisfaction to say that I am a spinster from choice.

Moreover, I am a wealthy spinster, and live in the old mansion in which I was born, surrounded by the massive furniture which was in it long before my time.

Eighteen years ago, my only brother and his wife died, leaving to me their little girl, who, against my wishes, had been named for me, Margery.

More than three years ago, at Broad Harbor, we met an artist, Paul Glenn, by name. He was an artist and he was poor; and from what I saw of his painting, he was a poor artist. And—yes, I will tell the truth—he was the son of a man who, in my girlhood—No! That secret is mine alone. I doubt if I shall be made to tell it on the last day even. Only when Guy Glenn's boy asked me for Margery I said: No! not while I lived.

After we returned home, they must have met frequently, and on the morning of February fourteenth Margery came and put her arms around me and kissed me. Her lashes were wet with tears when she laid her face against mine, and said she was going out. That morning my little Margery, whose babe smiles had cheered my broken heart, passed out of my life, leaving me as she found me, childless and alone. In the evening a messenger left a note from her. She had gone out to be married to Paul Glenn.

My heart was ever one to know its own bitterness, but to hide it from others. So Margery's room was shut up, as she left it, and, as I said, she passed out of my life.

I have not been well for some months, and have not strength enough to go up and down stairs often.

I had always used my father's secretary, which stands where he left it in the library. Feeling the need of a desk in my room, and wishing it to correspond with the other furniture, I drove to Sighfor's and bought an old-fashioned little writing-table, which was placed near my bedside.

I was awakened that night by a curious scratching sound in this table. Thinking that a stray mouse had taken refuge there, I, who had lived in an old house long enough to be philosophical about such visitors, soon fell asleep again.

The next day I carefully dusted my new piece of furniture, and had arranged in it my paper, envelopes, postal cards, etc., when upon opening a little drawer I discovered a lead-pencil and a sheet of paper half covered with writing. Now, understand, it was not a secret drawer, nor was the paper yellow with age. It was the modern Irish linen writing paper, which had probably been evolved during the last year from flax-seed.

I am not superstitious, but I confess the "Thompson Wave," which ornaments my head, nearly stood on end with fright, when, remembering the mysterious scratching of the night before, I read the following:

THE TRUE STORY OF MARGERY DAW.  
—See, Saw! Margery Daw  
Sold her bed and lay on straw."

I, Margery Daw, died one hundred and fifty years ago, and had lived just twenty years. This little writing-table was my head, nearly stood on end with fright, when, remembering the mysterious scratching of the night before, I read the following:

Dear as she was to me, the time came when I had to choose between her and one dearer still. And on February fourteenth, in the year 1734, I left my aunt's house, and was married to Will Cleveles. After that, she refused to see or communicate with me but sent everything of mine to the address we had left for her; with the rest, this little writing-desk.

We were very poor, even while Will was able to work; but, in a few months, his health failed, and soon, anxiety and poverty broke me down, also.

One by one, our possessions were sold, and, at the end of a year, when my husband died, there was left only this desk, a few chairs, and my bed. Then the desk and chairs went, and, finally, literally and truly, I sold my bed, and lay on straw; and on that straw, I died of starvation, on St. Valentine's Day, in my twenty-second year.

I write this, that you, my descendant, may no longer blush to hear my name.

I have said that I am not superstitious, nor am I a spiritualist, nor a clairvoyant, nor any of that ilk; but I believed as firmly as that there will be a Day of Judgment, that the spirit of Margery Daw, who died a hundred and fifty years ago, wrote that communication to me on the night of February fourteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-five.

And, hard-hearted and cruel though I had been, I recognized the fact that it was a warning from another world which might not be disregarded.

I thought perhaps my own Margery was starving to death, while I, like that other wicked aunt, was living luxuriously. Indeed, I was dreadfully worked up, when, answering my ring, Ptolemy, the old colored butler, who antedated me in the house, appeared.

"Ptolemy," I said, "I want you to go in search of little Miss Margery, Mrs. Glenn, rather, and do not rest until you find her. We have been parted long enough, and, Oh! Ptolemy! how do we know that she is not starving?" I cried, bursting into tears.

It was the first time her name had passed my lips since she kissed me goodbye.

Ptolemy seemed overwhelmed for a few minutes. Then collecting himself, exclaimed:

"Oh! Miss Margery, bress de Lord! If you please, Miss Margery, I begs pardon for de subrauge; but you knows Ise lub dat chile sense she was bawn; and, oh! Miss Margery, if you please, I sees her ebery day, and tells her how you is, and she's jest a longin' to see you, and show."

"Ptolemy," I said, sternly, "you have been a deceitful servant; but I forgive you. Go, bring her here, and the proprieties presenting their claims even then) invite Mr. Glenn to dinner."

In an hour I was holding my Margery in the arms that were so hungry for her; and—mercy on me!—what do you think she was holding in her arms? Why, yet another Margery, which, respectable spinster though I was, was soon being hugged and kissed by me, and bade to smile for grand-mamma.

A little later, after the reconciliation was all effected, and the excitement incident thereto had died out, Margery suddenly exclaimed: Why, Paul, isn't that your little writing-table? Did you buy that at Sighfor's, Auntie? I wonder if our romance is there yet. May I look? And, with my permission, she opened the drawer, which was not a secret drawer, and took out "The True Story of Margery Daw."

"Auntie," she said, "we are rather poor, and wanted a cradle for baby; so we sold this writing-table, and forgot, until, too late, to take out the story that Paul wrote, in fun, of that other Margery Daw, who, like myself, sold her furniture.—Virginia W. Harrison, in *The Independent*.

## An Effective No License Appeal.

To The Citizen.  
The publication of the following in your columns at this time of considering the licensing of saloons in our town, if you can afford the space, will be appreciated by an advocate of

"No License."

## A Thrilling Story.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and, raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard, all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, [pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor,] as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my husband and its prospects with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me."

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word! And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician hung their heads; and when the President of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was "No!"

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Marchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

**VAN ARSDALE'S**  
Boarding and Livery  
STABLE,  
At the Old Hotel Stables.  
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES,  
AT ALL HOURS AND AT  
POPULAR PRICES  
None but Steady Drivers Employed

**YOUNG MEN.**  
Boys, Middle-Aged Men and Young Ladies  
trained for a successful start in Business Life at  
Coleman College, 703 to 713 Broad Street,  
Newark, N. J., the Largest and Most Popular  
School in this country. Course of study combines  
Theory with Practice, by a system of Business  
Transactions based on real values. No  
Vacations. Rates Low. Graduates assisted to  
situations.  
The College Journal and Illustrated Catalogue  
mailed on application.  
Evening School opens Sept. 1st.  
H. COLEMAN, Principal.  
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**CUTLERY.**  
IN EVERY VARIETY.  
**E. G. KOENIG,**  
IMPORTER,  
COR. BROAD AND WILLIAM STS.,  
NEWARK, N. J.

**THE BOON COMPANIONS**  
A GREAT HIT!  
All our customers who were fortunate in procuring a copy of our last Souvenir, "Her First Love," will be pleased to learn that we have commenced the distribution of the companion picture to that great card, entitled "The Boon Companions." These cards are nothing if not taken together, side by side they constitute the most admirable pair of pictures ever seen on a shelf. We shall continue the distribution until notice is given to the contrary.

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## BAKING POWDER!

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

In offering our Baking Powder to the public we knew that we were placing upon the market an article which would bear the full force of our hearty recommendation, and as we have always endeavored to deal squarely with the people, we felt perfectly justified in asking their kind consideration in behalf of our new venture, and we, of course, expected to realize a considerable sale for our "Baking Powder," but we have been thoroughly astonished at the immense reception given to it by the people at large, having sold more Baking Powder in the last two weeks than we expected to dispose of in six months. Everybody speaks in the highest terms of its goodness and purity, which leads us to hope that the sales will be still greatly increased. Remember, we're cheery with the Baking Powder the same as with Tea and Coffee. Don't go another week without trying it, if you have not already done so.

## Elgin Creamery Butter

The best the market affords and it costs you but 25 cents per pound. We do not ask you to take our word concerning the merits of our Butter. We prefer that you go to some other store, buy a pound of their 22c Butter and compare it with that sold by us. We feel that this method is the most forcible which can be adopted.

## MASON'S JARS,

1 lb. check each.

NEW TEAS—This season's crop on sale. We imported this stock, and it will take at least two months before it can be found in any other retail store. In fact everything tends to show you that we keep the most perfectly equipped Tea Stores to be found in the country.

**The Great**  
**ATLANTIC & PACIFIC**  
**TEA CO.**  
THE PALACE TWO-STORY GLASS FRONT,  
738 Broad St., and 107 Market St.,  
Corner Washington street.

**KEEP COOL.**  
WHITE MOUNTAIN  
Hammock Chair.

Self-adjusting to any position. Strong, durable, and comfortable. The White Mountain Hammock Chair differs from all other stationary or reclining chairs in that it is Better, Stronger and Simpler, is adapted to the house, lawn, porch or camp, and is full of quiet comfort and rest. It is superior to the hammock in every way, and can be put up so as to be always in the shade. By its peculiar construction it is balanced in all positions, requiring no fastenings to keep it in place. The foot-rests can be quickly and easily adjusted to suit the tallest or shortest persons. The seat is made of strong canvas, fitting perfectly the entire length, without drawing the clothing tightly around the body, thus making it much cooler than a hammock.

Price Complete, with Stand, only \$3.75.  
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OF SUPERIOR ENGLISH MAKE.  
Sample card, 25 different pens, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps received.  
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Lumber Dealer.  
ALL KINDS OF LUMBER & BUILDING MATERIAL,  
Consisting of the following:  
Wide Weather Boards, Wide Novelty Boards, Clap Boards, Hemlock Boards, Jointed Turpin Boards, 2x2 Turned Newels, 4x4 Turned Balusters, 3x3 Turned Balusters, Walnut-strips, 1x14, 4x16 ft. Spruce Fence Rails, Chestnut Fence Rails, Chestnut Posts 4x4, 12 and 16 ft. Pickets and Fence Battens, Shingles, Shingle-laths, Ceiling-laths, House Trimming Mouldings in Every Style, Wide Flooring Pine Boards No. 1 and No. 2, Narrow Flooring Pine Boards No. 1 and No. 2, Wide Ceiling Pine Boards No. 1 and No. 2, Narrow Ceiling Pine Boards No. 1 and No. 2, 1x14, 1x12 and 2 inch Ceiling-up Pine Plank. Spruce Timber always on hand. Lumber delivered free of charge to all parts of Bloomfield. P. O. Box 170. Orders by mail punctually attended to. Spruce Street, near freight depot N. Y. & G. L. R. R., Bloomfield, N. J.

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PIES, CAKES, PUDDINGS, AND FANCY DISHES.  
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Canning and Preserving Fruit.  
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A few more weekly orders for Bread desired.

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NETS AND ROBES.  
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"OLD" CORN AND OATS,  
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Kiln-dried Wood by the barrel or load. Store on  
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**Gold Medal**  
**FLOUR,**  
Is acknowledged by the leading experts of New York to be  
**THE BEST ON THE MARKET.**  
That it will make whiter, finer tasted bread and more pounds of bread to the barrel.  
EVERY BARREL IS GUARANTEED.  
If you want the Best insist on having the  
**GOLD MEDAL**  
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**LOOK! LOOK!**  
**GREAT REDUCTION**  
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**Flour and Butter.**  
Flour \$6.00, \$6.25, and \$6.50 per bbl.  
Butter, Choice Creamery, 25 cents per Pound.  
Butter, Best New Grass, 22 cents per Pound.  
Butter, Good Dairy, 20 cents per pound.

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**M. WALSH,**  
DEALER IN  
Plain and Decorative Wall Papers of the Latest Designs. All the Latest colors in Holland and Window Shades.  
Hartshorn's Spring Roller, 15 Cents.  
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COAL WELL SCREENED,  
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Yard foot of Monroe Place.

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761 Broad St. Cor. Bank, Newark.  
Offers unprecedented Bargains in entire Stock of  
**BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURES,**  
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Ebony Cabinets and Bric-a-Brac,  
All of which will be sold at cost during the months of  
JULY and AUGUST,  
to make room for their Fall Display, which will be the finest ever shown in Newark.  
ORDERS BY MAIL WILL HAVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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**HARDWARE,**  
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**WHITE LEAD, OIL & COLORS,**  
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**SAWED & SPLIT WOOD.**  
We make a specialty this season of the  
"Woodbury" Fruit Jar,  
The most perfect yet offered, with vent in cap, permitting its removal without trouble.  
Goods Delivered Every Morning.  
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**ALTERATIONS!**  
**\$75,000**  
WORTH OF  
**CARPETS & FURNITURE**  
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**AMOS H. VAN HORN,**  
Is now offering his Entire Stock at Cost, to make room for Alterations.

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Per Yard.  
50 pieces of Body Brussels, reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00  
100 pcs. of Tapestry, reduced from .85 to .60  
25 pcs. of 3-ply, reduced from \$1.10 to .90  
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100 pcs. of Ingrains, reduced from .45 to .30

**Parlor Suits.**  
25 Suits, in Silk, Mohair and Embossed Plush, red, from \$85 to \$65  
50 Suits Raw Silk, Ramie and Tapestry, reduced from \$60 to \$40  
50 Suits in Rep and Hair Cloth, red, from \$50 to \$35  
25 Suits, assorted covers, 7 pcs., red, from \$35 to \$25

**Walnut Bedroom Suits.**  
75 Walnut Bedroom Suits, 7 pcs., Marble-top, red, from \$50 to \$40  
60 Walnut Bedroom Suits, red, from \$60 to \$50  
50 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$75 to \$60  
40 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$100 to \$75  
30 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$125 to \$100  
20 Walnut Bedroom Suits, reduced from \$150 to \$125

**A good Carpet Bed Lounge at Marble-top Table**  
Mixed Mattress, full size  
Bed Springs, only  
Cane-seat Chair  
Wood-seat Chair  
Oil-Cloth, per yard  
China Matting, per yard  
6-foot Extension Table  
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Besides an immense stock of Children's Carriages, Refrigerators, Pianos, Chairs, etc., all at reduced prices in order to make room for alterations. Easy terms of payment taken. I have ONLY ONE STORE, and no connection of interest in any other. Please notice the first name, AMOS, and No. 73, on the flag before entering the store. Goods delivered free of charge in any part of the State.

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**A Grand Midsummer Clearing Sale**  
To Reduce our Immense Stock of  
**SUMMER GOODS.**  
Besides offering many new and desirable Goods at prices that must insure a speedy sale, even if reserved for future use. This break in prices general through out every department in our Stores. A mere glance at any one item advertised will show at what sacrifice prices we offer regular goods, the value of which is known to every man, woman and child.

**Commencing Monday Morning at 9 o'clock.**  
Do not fail to order a copy of the Newark Sunday Call of Aug. 9th for a grand description of the Bargains we shall offer. Such an array of attractive goods as we shall place on sale will repay even a long journey to our Stores next week.

**L. S. PLAUT,**  
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LARGEST FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN THE STATE.  
We close at 6 P. M. except on Saturdays.

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Weddings, Dinners, & Receptions  
Given Special Attention.  
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LARGE and FRESH STOCK of CONFECTIONERY CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

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When in NEWARK call at 783 Broad Street, three doors above Market Street, and we will show you the  
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that have ever been manufactured for the Retail Trade.  
Our Aim is to Get Your Trade and Keep it.  
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**H. H. SMITH & CO.,**  
"RELIABLE CLOTHIERS,"  
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**TO OWNERS OF HORSES**  
Please Read and Preserve.  
Your attention is respectfully solicited to the facilities we are able to offer in all cases coming under our care and attention. The senior partner of our firm, with fifty years practical experience in the  
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and Treatment of the different Diseases of Feet and Limbs, still continues to give his special attention to all cases of lameness, and feels confident that, where no trouble is amenable to treatment, he can effect a cure. The Shoeing Department is complete in every respect and special attention given by competent hands toward improving the gait of the horse.  
The completion of our new workshops gives us facilities unsurpassed for the execution of all orders in the way of Building or Repairing of your Rolling Stock.  
Please call at your convenience and examine our facilities and references.  
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EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE BUSINESS FURNISHED.